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FORDYCE

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SATIRE:

Occasioned by his

Sermons to Young Women.

THE SECOND EDITION.

Quamquam ridentem dicere verum

Quid vetat?

HOR.

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. DIXWELL, in *St. Martin's Lane*, near *Charing Cross*.

[Price One Shilling.]

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F O R D Y C E

D E L I N E A T E D,

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WHILE others soar on panegyrick wings,
Or sing the triumphs of our *British* kings;
Or tow'ring on celestial pinions rise,
And trace the beauties of the lucid skies;
Big with th' uncommon theme, my lab'ring muse,
Another task, far different, pursues;
To sing *Fordyce*, no mean divine, she tries,
In whom the art of preaching center'd lies.

Lift! lift! Apollo! and thy succours bring,
Instruct my *Muse* to rise on tow'ring wing;
'Tis thine to tune the heav'nly-breathing lyre,
And all the vocal *musés* to inspire;
'Tis thine to know the salutary pow'r
Of ev'ry herb, of ev'ry fragrant flow'r;
From thee the arts of divination flow,
And the great *Orator* thou'rt stil'd below.
To thee, the *Subject* of our present theme,
A near relation boldly dares to claim;
But let us trace his origin, and see,
Whether he is so near allied to thee.

From northern climes, where flow'rs of genius grow,
Green thro' the year, and unregarded blow,
Fir'd with ambition, with the gospel fraught,
He came, and here long with applause has taught.
These frigid climes he left, and thither came,
To mend his fortune, and augment his fame;

To labour, and mature more fertile ground,
 And sow the seeds of prophecy around ;
 To the fair-sex himself a friend to prove,
 By flattery, and make it pass for love ;
 Them of their costly trappings to strip bare,
 Deck them anew, and render them more fair.
 What monstrous cargoes both of wit and sense,
 Each year, each month, each day, are sent from thence,
 Put safe aboard, and tided to our shores,
 Or roll'd in hackney coaches to our doors !

To this more kindly corner of the isle,
 Which all a land of peace and plenty style,
 These flow'rs of genius, when transplanted, show
 A greater lustre, and more fully blow ;
 They waft around so exquisite a scent,
 That *British* monarchs are more than content,
 And more than pleas'd, them in their breasts to wear,
 That they may snuff, and smell them all the year.

The race, which from these flow'rs of genius flow,
 And by estival heat begin to grow,
 Are planted in our royal gardens, where,
 They, like their fires, may shoot, and fume the air ;
 Their umbrage shed, to view their buds disclose,
 And tickle, in short space—a royal nose.

But, now, no longer from our task to stray,
 But call the wav'ring *muse* into the way.
 Too long excursions from her home she's made,
 And nigh impending precipices stray'd ;
 Travell'd thro' unknown tracts of barren land,
 And to the top of northern mountains scan'd :
 But, now, she, ambling, shall no longer roam,
 So far abroad, but keep herself at home.
 Young is the Poet, untractable the muse ;
 Such wand'ring then petitions your excuse.

Think not that I, by swerving from the way,
 Against the warlike *Caledon* inveigh ;

Or all her sons of genius have in view,
 Lift satire's rod, and *Churchill's* theme renew :
 No!—in life's fort I'd rather make a breach,
 And thro' the gap my soul to issue teach!
 All men of candour, of whatever name,
 Or nation, are always to me the same ;
 'Tis those of the base sycophantick train,
 Who can by flattery a living gain,
 Who would for gold their conscience try to quell,
 And for a title dare their country sell,
 I hate ; let none on such compassion have,
 But o'er their heads the rod of satire wave.

On *Scottish* ground, and on the southern side,
 Of mazy *Tweed*, my infant *musè* first try'd,
 Her sounding reed to rural lays to frame,
 And to the rocks, the hills, and rills proclaim.
 'Twas there, where first my vital breath I drew,
 Where I was rear'd, and unto manhood grew ;

This to reveal, I need not blush for shame,
 For *Scots*, and *English*, are but still the same :
 Both are but branches of the self-same tree,
 And both, excepting in the fruit, agree ;
 But wonder not, such things quite common are,
 For fortune has her fav'rites here and there ;
 She weighs her bounty with unequal scales,
 And thus unjustly often times retails ;
 Some loaded she allows to go away,
 While others to fell want are left a prey :
 Both are by the same government confin'd,
 And to its yoke both have their necks resign'd.

Those, who with naughty words, and treach'rous smile,
 Their native country venture to revile,
 Or at their countrymen to laugh and sneer,
 Who yearly come, to seek their fortunes here,
 May strictest justice, soon or late, o'ertake,
 And them to others an example make.

Many such *Scottish-English* apes are here,
 And, such to serve their countrymen forbear;
 Lest they should be, by stirring *English* fire,
 Compell'd from posts of honour to retire;
 Or from beneath the shelter of a crown
 To fly, and humbly lay their titles down.
 Let such dependants, to fair truth deny'd,
 Who all the year their conscience lay aside,
 Be branded with the ensigns of disgrace,
 Reluctant fly, and blushing hide their face;
 Who fear to starving want an ear to lend,
 To help their country, countrymen or friend;
 Lest some great personage should them disown,
 And from their glory toss them headlong down.

Thou firm adherent of the letter'd race,
 Stand forth, *Fordyce*, and shew thy meagre face;
 At the great *God Apollo's* warm desire,
 Now from thy pulpit, for a while retire,

And to his awful bar submissive move,
 Let justice there condemn thee, or approve ;
 There let her thee, for evermore, difown,
 Brand thee with shame, or mark thee for her own.

Who found conviction rightly can convey
 Into the mind, no matter by what way :
 Or make the panting bosom heave with sighs,
 And force a wat'ry torrent from the eyes,
 To him, it justly may said, is giv'n
 The sov'reign art of eloquence by heav'n.
 All these perfections in *Miss James* combine ;
 And brightly in the sacred temple shine,
 Whene'er for church the matten bells are rung,
 And sacred hymn, or canticle is sung.
 Then both his hands he in each other twines,
 And on the pulpit with his arms inclines ;
 Or a white napkin in one hand he locks,
 And thus his god with chosen words invokes.

It cannot be by words nor signs reveal'd,
 What heav'nly funds within him are conceal'd !
 O ! how he pants with heavenly desire,
 Each time he lights, or stirs devotion's fire !
 While thus his bosom with strong^{*} rapture glows,
 Before his *God*, his *King*, he lays his woes ;
 Fierce in his face, with head erect, he stares,
 As if a look could add pith to his pray'rs ;
 T' express aright the passion of his heart,
 His eye-balls seem from their large orbs to start !
 Towards the croud sometimes he casts his eyes ;
 They wonder, gaze, yet still without surprise !
 Their bosoms burn without devotion's fire ;
 They long, they pant, yet still without desire !
 They seem to tear, but still their eye-lids dry,
 They're all in rapture, but they know not why !
 Sure, if the spirit of devotion lies,
 In convuls'd faces, and in staring eyes,
Miss James may venture safely, tho' alone,
 To combat all his *Brethren* here in town.

But here to stop no longer, but pursue
 Our task, and ope another scene to view.
 Whene'er the act of adoration's o'er,
 With head erect he upward stares no more ;
 But often casts his rolling eyes around,
 And from his bosom pours a heav'nly sound.
 Then are the gates of learning open laid,
 And all the force of genius display'd ;
 The streams of eloquence begin to glide,
 And swiftly roll their overpouring tide !
 Into each open breast they force their way,
 And all around quite desolate they lay !
 Grief and remorse in every face appear,
 They seem to weep, but weep without a tear !
 But when infernal scenes are drawn aside,
 And heav'n above to view is open'd wide,
 Then in each face great admiration's seen,
 And all is joy and ecstasy within.

Sometimes these streams to dosing are inclin'd,
 And cannot force their way into the mind ;
 They oft remember not their beaten course,
 And backwards run towards their native source ;
 Or if, by chance, their destin'd road they find,
 Still they're to fits of lethargy inclin'd ;
 Beneath their banks they often sink so low,
 And with a lulling noise so dully flow,
 That all the audience begin to dose,
 And with the streams to dream, and seek repose.

Methinks I hear *Miss James* exclaiming loud,
 In heav'nly raptures, to the list'ning croud ;
 At other times methinks in every eye
 I see the tear, and bosom heaving high.
 See ! see ! him in the pulpit how he stands,
 High on his tip toes, with expanded hands ;
 How with his fist the vacant air he blows,
 And on the pulpit lusty thumps bestows !

The trembling pulpit, and the seats around,
 And lofty gall'ries echo forth the sound :
 Nay, from the centre the whole temple shakes,
 And all the audience with fear awakes !
 While thus he stamps, and stares, and roars, and raves,
 Loose in the air a napkin round he waves.
 When to his face this napkin he applies,
 To dry the tears fast-starting from his eyes,
 Or clammy sweat from every pore that brakes,
 And down his face its course meand'ring takes :
 With him the auditory sympathize,
 Blend tears with tears, and mingle sighs with sighs !
 Not only heaves his bosom at his will,
 And from his eyes the dewy tears distil ;
 But, when he thinks that he has well exprest
 Some drawling sentence better than the rest,
 Smiles in the place of glooms succeed apace,
 And laughter clothes the features of his face,
 Into a thousand diff'rent shapes most strange,
 And curious, his body he can change ;

If he should want, at any time, to show
 Rage in his eyes, and anger in his brow,
 His muscles swell, and start from every bone,
 And all his nerves forget their nat'ral tone:
 But when he wants to show himself well pleas'd,
 His muscles from great torture are releas'd;
 No wrinkles then you in his face can spy,
 But conscious simpers wanton in his eye.
 While thus by turns his passions fall and rise,
 The whole assembly's lost in great surprise!

When thus the sparks of passion, on their turn,
 Are blown, and with uncommon fury burn,
 In some odd posture, odious to the eyes,
 With dext'rous art, his corpse to keep he tries;
 Such attitudes were never seen before,
 In *Rome* nor *Athens*, in the days of yore.
 He, like to an herculean statue, stands,
 Fixt in the pulpit, with uplifted hands;

His right fist clinch'd, and poiz'd in air alway,
 As if to heav'n he were to box his way.
 Many uncommon, new-coin'd words uncouth,
 And epithets are issu'd from his mouth ;
 Commas to semicolons oft he turns,
 And at the laws of the stiff pedant spurns ;
 Colons he spins, and draws out to the length
 Of periods, to give to them more strength,
 Thus does the hero of affectation teach
 The sacred word of God, and pray, and preach ;
 His pulpit he converts into a stage,
 And apes great Garrick of the present age !

Let us, a while, now from the pulpit trace
Miss James, and view him in a diff'rent place ;
 What taste, in the society of arts,
 Each week, he shows, and to the rest imparts ;
 Bright gleams of manly eloquence displays,
 And, in loud laughs, instead of claps, gets praise.

In painting, and engraving of each kind,
 And sculpture, our polite priest is not blind ;
 His skill in these that he may better show,
 He often speaks of what he does not know ;
 Dark ignorance is vail'd o'er with the sound
 Of words, and current goes for sense profound.
 Behold him now a piece of painting eye,
 Affected motions inward taste bely ;
 But ere he dares to damn or to approve,
 He's silent long, and seems like one in love ;
 With luscious looks each living feature views,
 Like some foul *Rake* regaling in the stews.
 Not the fam'd sybil, on th' *Hebrurian* shore,
 Was more transported in the days of yore.
 If he's to judge the merit of a piece
 Of sculpture, by a countryman of his,
 He shakes his head, and with his partial eyes,
 A thousand faults, tho' real beauties, spies ;
 With spiteful looks the image he devours,
 And from his mouth a tide of spleen he pours.

His countrymen he would much rather sell,
 Than naked truth avowedly would tell ;
 Left in his face an *Englishman* should show
 Some grudge, and him a partial judge avow.

This is a portrait of *Fordyce*, tho' faint,
 Who from the great *Apollo* claims descent ;
 But this is not the effigy of one,
 Unto the *god* of arts a lawful son ;
 But of a *Bastard*, who dares sometimes swear
 His birth-right to succeed as lawful heir.
 Let all my *Sons*, the *god* of arts cries out,
 Such impudent a *Bastard* loudly hoot,
 Who dares, in arts and science, forge the name
 Of *Connoisseur*, and to me friendship claim !
 'Tis fit that he declaim at ev'ry tide,
 His mouth with pebbles stuff'd, at *Thames's* side ;
 A naked sword his shoulders hung around,
 And with a belt or some apt cincture, bound,
 Like great *Demosthenes*, wh' in the days of yore,
 Pronounc'd aloud at the *Athenian* shore,

If, for an hour, each day, he shall renew
 This task a month, 'twill form his voice anew;
 Each air affected totally remove,
 And make him graceful in the pulpit move.

This is not all, still something, than the rest
 Of greater moment, waits to be exprest.
 There's no great wonder, in the time of pray'rs,
 And preaching, that *Miss James* has foolish airs;
 For it is said, and bruited, far and near,
 That he has been in love for a whole year;
 His love is gen'ral, not confin'd to one
 Of the fair sex, but through the whole has gone.
 You'll be surpris'd that he's so pale and thin,
 And every bone 'pears starting thro' the skin;
 But wonder not love's like the birds of prey,
 It drinks the blood and eats the flesh away.

Long has this secret fire burnt without smoke,
 At length in a love-letter out it's broke,

Which breathes of nothing but the gaudy dress,
 And the behaviour of the female class ;
 Save a few pages which are burnish'd o'er,
 With the rare metal wrought from moral ore.
 To this love-laboured, flimsy, long epistle,
 Our love-sick priest is pleas'd to give the title,
 Of *sermons to young women*, who are blind
 To the inside, but well the outside mind ;
 And to all those turn'd ladies of the town,
 To vice addicted and for strumpets known ;
 Who for a petty piece of gold, delight
 To lend their fiery tail out all the night.

These female sermons are so famous grown,
 That they've the fourth edition undergone ;
 Their sale to fair *Londina's* not confin'd,
 Abroad they go to form the female mind ;
 To teach the fair their duty to their spouse,
 As soon as fetter'd in the marriage noose,
 Seldom to gossip, but at home abide,
 And lie, all night, pleas'd by their husband's side.

Rare news to all those Batchelors who dread,
 To take a fair one to the nuptial bed,
 Left she a rank adulteress should prove,
 Or be inclin'd to base incestuous love.
 Such Batchelors, uxoriously inclin'd,
 To bear their bondage with a willing mind,
 No longer need lead solitary lives,
 But, soon as 'tis convenient, to take wives ;
 For such great pow'r these sermons have upon
 The fair, that all determin'd are, to one,
 Ne'er, as unfated whores, to walk the streets,
 Nor with adult'ry foul the lawful sheets.

Let those rejoice, whoever parents are,
 And have an only daughter for their heir,
 Who us'd before their wealth to drain away,
 To ape of dress the fashionable way ;
 That she the bosom of some *youth* might fire
 With love, and make him gaze, and to admire.

For gold their daughter shall no longer cry,
Herself with newest fashions to supply ;
A gown, if made of French-embroider'd stuff,
She shall not wear, nor foreign-feather'd muff ;
A fatten bonnet, fring'd about with lace,
Upon her head shall never find a place ;
Her wavy locks, as nature bids, shall grow,
And o'er her shoulders negligently flow ;
The barber's fingers they shall never feel,
His crisping pins, nor comb, nor curling steel ;
No mealy dust, that many tricks can play,
Change hair, tho' red as carrots, to a grey,
And which is by the name of powder known,
Shall, by a puff, be on her tresses blown.
In her necklace no diamonds shall glow,
Nor in her ring a sparkling fire show ;
No blend-lace cap upon her head shall fit,
Nor broider'd shoe of silk confine her feet ;
No Indian fan shall play around her face,
Whether at op'ra, play, or preaching-place ;

No golden watch shall by her side be bound,
 Nor costly cloak her shoulders hung around :
 But in a simple dress, both neat, and clean,
 She shall appear, exempt from pride within ;
 Like to the honest *Quaker*, clear of pride,
 And to all trumpery of dress deny'd.

Sad news to all the milliners in town,
 And those by name of mantua-makers known ;
 For each new fashion that's from *France* or *Rome*,
 Our *British* ladies are resolv'd to doom ;
 Not more than two poor gowns, in a whole year ;
 And caps, instead of ten, they now shall wear ;
 Base luxury shall hide her baneful head,
 And in her place frugality succeed.

'Tis vain to think, these sermons will maintain
 So great a sway among the female train ;
 To dooms-day let *Miss James* both preach and pray,
 Still reason must to passion oft give way ;
 Tho' he may brandish his soft moral quill,
 Yet shall the ladies follow their own will ;

Still shall foul lust our streets walk in disguise,
 And to her snares the simple one entice ;
 Unfated wives shall leave their lawful bed,
 And husbands wear long horns upon their head ;
 Still the coquette, all emptiness within,
 Shall at the plays and mid-night balls be seen.

Well might some fire, or hoary-headed dame,
 With greatest justice 'gainst *Miss James* exclaim ;
 Because his sermons wholly are confin'd
 Unto the young of the fair female kind.
 For the same reason, justly may the race
 Of males cry out, and hoot him to his face ;
 But let their thanks loud echo to the sky,
 In songs, and reach the ears of the most *High*,
 Who graciously was pleas'd to send *Majbew*,
 'To call them from the bawdy-house, and stew ;
 'To strip them, like his brother to the skin,
 And wash them from the filthiness of sin.